

Ode to My Thalamus

Asaf Avidan

The clouds are gathering in the sky above
I know this one's gonna hurt my love
Birds are shouting through the Mangrove trees
They know the difference between a storm and breeze
I too have felt this once before
I hear that pounding and it's at my door
Outside it's boiling, but the water is cold
All signs point to that I'm getting old
The waves are rising and I take that dive
To hold a breath is not to be alive
I felt it then, I feel it now
I know its coming but I don't know how
It's taking us apart, this Helicase of love
We're nothing but post-modern art, what were we thinking of
This is how it has to be - This is how it has to be
I'm constructing but I shouldn't be
My blood is boiling and the callus is hot
My veins are twisting in a sailor's knot
My Thalamus is growing down into my tongue
And all I taste is pain in every kiss and song
I know this story, and I know it well
The cracks are showing in my pearly shell
Outside I'm shaking and I feel them chills
There go both of my Achilles Heels
I fall down naked waiting for the storm
My arms are open, waiting to transform
The birds go flying, I hear them cry
I know it's coming but I don't know why
It's taking us apart, this Helicase of love
We're nothing but post-modern art, what were we thinking of
This is how it has to be, This is how it has to be
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